

NOT THERE.

Across a new-made grave soft breezes blow,
The sun looks down with tender, loving kiss
Close by, a little bird sits, singing low,
As if its heart had lost its spring-time bliss:
As if some joy it evermore must miss.

Beside that grave you sit with head bowed low,
Your tears are falling like the summer rain,
Vainly across your brow the breezes blow,
The sun looks down with loving kiss in vain;
Nor breeze, nor sun, nor bird can ease your pain.

Your heart seems crushed beneath the earth piled high
Above another heart that silent lies,
Close to the earth you lay your ear and cry
Aloud the sleeper's name; no voice replies:
Upon the air your piteous wailing dies.

In vain upon the grave you lie, and throw
Your arms around as if to clasp the form
That lies so still in the cold house below,
No kisses sweet from death-sealed lips shall warm,
Your aching heart, nor quell the rising storm.

Oh sobs that shake your frame, as tempests shake
The mighty forests, when the Storm King calls
Them from their hidden caves, and bids them take
Their way with angry roar that oft appalls
The hearts of those upon whose ears it falls.

O, mourning one, who pour your heart in tears,
Not there, not there, beneath the senseless clod,
But evermore through the eternal years—
Although that form may crumble 'neath the sod—
Your loved, your lost, shall be at home with God.

Not in that breeze-swept, sun-kissed grave to-day
Look for your loved one, then, but lift your eyes
To that fair land that stretches far away
Beyond the sun and stars and widespread skies;
That land where no one weeps; none ever dies.

—Emily Stuart Lawrence, in N. Y. Witness.

LECTA'S WAY

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE lusty young farmer, prize milker and hay tosser of the Twin Farms, laid aside his corn cutter and crawled upon the fence, from which elevation he could survey the valley below, where the little station was situated.

"There comes the train; getting nearer and nearer, Lecta. There, it's rounding the curve and shooting over the bridge and—poor little girl! I know it's tough, mighty tough, for he was your first city beau. The other girls have had them before and knew how to take them. The engine is steaming into the depot yard and—I can see you, poor Lecta! Now you're shaking hands with him and—no, he don't kiss you good-by. Has got feelings for you and don't want to make you ashamed before all the folks. The train's off, the last car is switched around the turn; he's gone, and your summer dream is over, poor little girl!"

Then Eli resumed his work. Every time he slashed a stalk he gritted his teeth—why, he did not know. Every time he bundled and stacked he muttered: "There, hang you! Stay where you belong!" Up and down between the rows he went, slashing right and left with his sharp cutter, bundling and stacking, doing the work of two men. Eli knew how to make every motion count. He did not drag nor loiter; he worked, worked, worked, until the sun began to sink in the west. Then he unlimbered his back and shouldered his cutter and turned from the field. He reached the path leading to the house, and said, as he looked back over the result of his day's toil: "There, hang you! Stay where you belong!"

Supper over, and Eli is up in his room preparing for the great ordeal of his life. His best clothes are laid on the bed; the wonderful tie that Lecta said was so pretty, the fancy colored shirt that was his special pride, the tan shoes and the neat Fedora, all his finery lies there.

"Not such a pretty face as the other fellow has got," uttered he, as he scraped the down from his chin. "He's pale and thin, but he can sing and make the most of his good looks. I have no good looks, can't sing no more than a hen hawk. Don't know much poetry—he's got all the poets and their pretty songs at the end of his tongue. But the summer dream is done for, and Lecta will be glad to see me now, I hope. Poor little girl! You'll forget all about it soon. I've stayed away and given you both a clear road. I haven't bothered, nor snooped, nor watched you. You've had your fun. Now I'll resume mine." Thus the young rural swain muttered as he arrayed himself in his best. To his elder brother Jim, whom he met at the side door, he said: "Leave the door unlocked for me, old boy, when you come back. You won't stay so late as I. Tidy hasn't had a city beau. I may have to urge Lecta some. Lecta and the young fellow parted to-day. Maybe she'll need cheering up a bit."

"Luck to you, Eli. Give my love to Lecta," said the other, as he walked away. Jim turned and looked after the tall figure swinging with long strides through the moonlight, and muttered: "Lecta, pretty little girl—almost too pretty for dear Eli—I wonder, I wonder how it will be with you? I wonder how it will be with Eli?"

Lecta was leaning upon the gate under the beeches. She was leaning

with one hand against her chin, the other hand was pressed to her bosom. The moonlight, drifting through the branches, fell upon her; she looked almost too dainty and pretty for Eli to approach. She was so occupied with her fancies that she did not hear the sound of footsteps, nor did she see the friend of her childhood until he loomed up before her. Then she started, looked into his eyes and stepped away from the gate. His eyes were so blinded by the beauty of the face before him, his heart was throbbing so with the wonderful spell that he failed to notice her backward step. And Lecta, she did not speak; if she wanted to the words would not come. She only stood there while the words fell softly and slowly from her old friend's lips. If they touched her heart she gave no sign of emotion.

"Lecta, I've come again. I waited until the other went. I didn't want to bother you while he was here. He was the first city beau you ever had—don't get angry with me for saying that. No doubt he told you of many things you never dreamed of. He said pretty things that girls love to hear. He belongs to a world that is new to you and I. He could tell you about the poets and what they sang. I have heard you and him singing in the parlor when I drove to the factory with the milk. It sounded nice, for your voices were well matched. While I was heaving hay and working like a beaver I used to see you and him riding down the shady lane or gathering flowers in the woods. While I was fishing you and him leaning upon the rail of the old rustic bridge in the moonlight. But I didn't care, Lecta. I knew it would soon be over and that you would be glad to see me come again. I kept away and never bothered you and him. He has only known you for a few weeks; he has only walked and talked with you for a short spell—and I have known you all my life, dear Lecta. I dragged you on my sled to school, and tramped paths for you through the snow many a time. I've picked the first violets for you when you were sick. I can see the sweet smile on your face, Lecta, when you took them and thanked me. Lecta, he has only known you for a few weeks, but I have known you always."

The plain young fellow, whose heart was so filled with love, lifted his hat and stood there in the moonlight as the balmy breezes tossed his hair. There was a glad look in his eyes as he held out his hands, and his face was aglow with expectancy.

The girl started and again drew



LECTA WAS LEANING ON THE GATE.

back from the gate. She opened her lips to speak, but the words died in a whisper that was like a sigh. Then recovering her composure she leaned forward and reached out the hand she had pressed to her bosom and faintly uttered:

"We will always be good friends, dear—dear Eli."

He took the little brown hand, and as he pressed it the touch of a ring sent a chill to his heart. He shivered, and his voice lost all its old buoyancy as he said, softly, sadly, slowly:

"I see—it's all right, Lecta, it's all right. He knew you in the few short weeks better than I did during all my life. He walked a few times with you, he sung a few songs with you in the parlor, he stood on the old bridge in the moonlight and said pretty things to you. He did not drag you from the milldam when you went down for the last time, as I did. I would have died for you, then, dear Lecta! I saved you—for your city beau. But I'm glad, dear, I did. For you will be happy, you know. It's all right, Lecta, all right. Yes, dear, friends forever."

And the fair young girl's eyes followed the tall form that passed away; and there were tears in her eyes—but her thoughts were for the other one far away from her.

When Jim came home he saw a light in his brother's room. He stepped to the door and was about to lay his hand upon the latch when the sound of a sob fell upon his ears. Turning to his own room he said, in a soft, low tone:

"She's broke the best heart that ever beat. Women are queer. They have strange ways. This is little Lecta's way. Poor old boy!"

Turkish Physicians Wise.

The sultan has cancer of the stomach and can't live more than two or three years. A German doctor made the discovery, says the Chicago Record-Herald, probably because the Turkish physicians were afraid of getting themselves beheaded if they told the old man about it.

Appropos of Sausage.

The sausage-makers know how to do things just right. At their banquet in New York, says the Washington Post, the principal toasts were "Public Confidence" and "Faith."

DEATH TO THE CRAWFISH.

Carbolic Acid Used to Destroy the Creatures That Undermine Mississippi Levees.

Carbolic acid is being used more extensively than ever before by the men who are seeking to preserve the levees from attack by that clawing and insidious member, the crawfish, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Crawfish are more numerous, too, than ever before, at many points along the river. Probably the extreme high water of last spring had something to do with making the members of this family more numerous. At any rate, they are here in large numbers, and as usual have been boring holes through the levees at many places.

Under direction of the Orleans levee board the slaughter of crawfish has been progressing quietly at certain points within the board's jurisdiction, and similar work has been carried on by other agencies. Down about Jackson Barracks, the Orleans board has within the last few days used carbolic acid with good results in an effort to exterminate the crawfish. The method of using carbolic acid is simple, and the remedy is an old one. Planters have been using carbolic acid for many years, and of recent years the levee boards along the river have used this method of extermination.

The acid is simply poured into the holes which are burrowed by the crawfish, and escape becomes impossible. They sicken and die under the influence of the acid which pollutes the water. Often it is impossible to reach the crawfish with the acid, for the reason that they burrow into the embankment from a point below the water level. It is only possible to reach them when the opening is above the level of the water.

The quantity of acid used depends upon the depth of the opening in the levee's side. Crawfishes burrow irregularly along the contour of the levee, and depth and distance are always matters of uncertainty.

Recently there has been some talk among levee experts of using carbolic acid experimentally on the muskrats in the lower parish, where these pests thrive in great armies, and where they often undermine the levees. The muskrat is really a serious problem, and almost any method of extermination would be welcomed. The destruction of crawfish would to some extent minimize the damage which muskrats do to the levees, because it would make burrowing more difficult. Crawfish holes frequently make the way for the muskrat, and they follow the holes from the riverside, catch, kill and eat the crawfish, and come out on the land side of the levee.

In this way they become a great menace to the integrity of the levees. How to reach them with carbolic acid is a question which levee experts who have considered the question have not yet solved. The indications are that they will take the matter up at some early day, for the purpose of seeing what they can do.

In the meantime the crawfish will continue to get carbolic acid in large and unbroken doses.

BRITISH PISTOL LAW.

Greater Pains Taken to Reduce the Facilities of Murder Than in This Country.

Great Britain's criminal statistics show a very small proportion of murders as compared with the statistics of the United States. The reasons for this are to be found, not merely in the stricter enforcement of law and in the heavier penalties inflicted, but also in the pains that are taken to reduce, so to speak, the facilities for murder, says the Chicago Record-Herald. A man with a pistol in his pocket may kill another when he would not commit the crime if he had to go to a store to purchase the weapon. A man who is able to buy a pistol at any time that he has the price may kill another when he would not do it if the sale was under close restrictions. Such restrictions are imposed by a new law passed at the last session of parliament, which British magistrates are now busily engaged in enforcing.

The law provides in the first place that every dealer selling or letting a pistol must enter the transaction in a record book that will always be open to the inspection of the police. In addition it prohibits the sale or letting of pistols to persons who do not have a gun or game license, unless they are entitled by law to carry weapons without such license, or unless they are householders who intend to keep the pistols in their own homes, or unless they wish the pistols for use abroad. Furthermore, no one under the age of 18, except in a few exempt cases, is permitted to buy, hire, use or carry a pistol under any circumstances. For violations of the law the penalties range up to \$25, but where a dealer knowingly sells a weapon to a person intoxicated or not of sound mind, the penalty may be a fine of \$125 or imprisonment with hard labor not exceeding three months. Good results are expected from this law, especially as efforts are being made to acquaint the entire population with its terms, so that offenders will have little chance to plead ignorance in excuse of their acts.

Louisiana Acadians.

In southwestern Louisiana there are settlements of Acadians, the remnants of the voyagers from Canada, whose only idea of the benefits of education is that face powders may be made from chalk. At any big entertainment the women may be seen with their faces chalked till they resemble nothing so much as a company of corpses. These women do not bother about preparing the chalk; they simply take a chalk pencil and rub it into the skin with unctuous, and the more ghastly the result the better are they pleased.

LOBSTER AND EAGLE.

Strange Encounter in Which the Proud Bird Came Off Second Best.

As an excuse for dragging a lobster story in I can at least claim that much of the contention between the French and the English over the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland hinges upon the point as to whether or not a lobster is a fish, since the French fishermen claim the right to build lobster factories on the treaty coast in virtue of the clause of the treaty authorizing them to erect buildings for drying their fish.

The fisherman in this case was one of the white-headed eagles popularly known in Newfoundland as a grip. The story is told by Col. Haggard, with whom I visited Newfoundland a few years ago in search of salmon, says a writer in Forest and Stream. "John Stroud, one of our guides, and I," says the colonel, "were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching the grip soaring around in circles, when suddenly we saw him dash into a pool of water close by us on the beach and reappear holding an enormous lobster in his talons. He was an old lobster, with a huge claw, white with brandies, shining white in the sun. Only for a second, though. The bird was on the recently disturbed pool had not yet died away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon its surface from the soaring eagle's feathers and the captive lobster alike, when the latter suddenly awoke to the seriousness of the situation, and to think with that apparently helpless creature was to act, for he was a lobster of action. Up came the great white barnacled claw and seized the eagle around the neck. The grip had got the grip now with a vengeance. There was a furious fluttering and beating of his wings, a melancholy squawk from his choking throat and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again splash into the pool. We rushed forward, thinking that we could, perhaps, in some way, secure both combatants, as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But we had hardly time to pick up a rock apiece to heave at the eagle, before the lobster, feeling himself at home again, let go his hold. Now, with his neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a neighboring cliff, while, still brandishing his enormous claw in defiance, the lobster remained smiling at the bottom of the pool. But the grip will doubtless tell you, if you meet him, that the lobster fishing in Newfoundland is very poor at present, and that he is going to give it up, as the game is hardly worth the candle."

ERRORS IN ILLUSTRATIONS.

They Are Very Easily Made, and in Newspaper Work Almost Unavoidable.

"Perfection of detail," said the cartoonist, according to the Philadelphia Record, "is very rare in the making of pictures, whether they be painted on canvas by the great masters or drawn in line by the men who illustrate the daily newspapers. It is the general effect that tells. There are few newspaper pictures—and I don't exclude my own—in which you can't pick some flaw from the standpoint of realism. In the hurried effort of the newspaper artist who counts the minutes by the clock, there may be some excuse for this, but when we see a man carving a turkey left-handed on the cover of a magazine we must agree that the artist has either been careless or else has employed a left-handed model to pose for him, and the latter solution is scarcely probable. A fisherman landing a trout on a light rod with never a finger on the reel is quite a common mistake among magazine illustrations, and in the matter of costumes of various periods the illustrators are woefully lacking in information.

"To illustrate how apt we are to make mistakes," continued the cartoonist, "several years ago I drew a figure representing Cuba, emaciated, starving, a thing of skin and bones. The figure was half naked, and I tried to bring out all the horrible detail—the shrunken limbs, the gaunt face, the ribs protruding through the skin, and, above all, the hollow cavity where the stomach should have been. A friend of mine, a doctor, took me to task about it. 'Persons who are starving to death,' he said, 'may be abnormally emaciated in every other part of the body except the stomach. The abdomen in the advanced stages is expanded with gases until it puffs up like a balloon, giving the victim a grotesque appearance.' To substantiate this statement he showed me some photographs taken in India during a famine, and I was forced to admit that he was right."

Lighter Than Cork.

In spite of the formidable rivalry of the feather, the cork has hitherto held the foremost place among the pseudonyms for lack of weight. This supremacy is now seriously imperiled by the discovery of marea wood, as reported to have been made by Capt. Truffert in the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the neighborhood of Tchad. It belongs to the same species as the mimosa, and as observed growing on the shores of Lake Tchad, reaches a height of from 12 to 15 feet. It throws off shoots near the ground, and its branches bear thorns and yellow flowers. The wood is lighter than cork.

Strategy.

"There comes our car. Let's go over to the corner."

"Don't walk so fast. If the motorman sees we are not in a hurry he is more likely to stop for us."—Kansas City Journal.

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Notice to Stockholders

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Paris Electric Light Co., at their office, on Saturday, January 9, 1904, for the election of directors for the ensuing year.

R. P. DOW, President.

Notice to Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Agricultural Bank at the office of said bank, on January 4th, 1904, for the election of directors for the ensuing year.

JOHN J. McCLINTOCK, Cashier.
HENRY SPEARS, President.

Notice To Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Bourbon Bank at the office of said bank, on January 4th, 1904, for the election of directors for the ensuing year.

E. F. CLAY, President.
B. WOODFORD, Cashier.

J. A. McKEE,

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